

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### ODE.

WRITTEN FOR AN ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH  
OF FRANKLIN.

AIR.—*Anderson in Heaven.*

On the mighty and fathomless ocean of Time,  
When Columbia's Genius her frail bark was guiding,  
Unsustained by knowledge in darkness sublime,  
The shadows of ignorance round her were gliding;  
Then the gloom of the deep, did the suddenly creep,  
Every breast of longing was writhed in deep;  
And her eye glanced abroad thro' the heavens afar,  
For the sought for a guide in the bright Polar Star.  
And long did sherove in the regions of night,  
Thro' whose sombre hues not a ray was descending;  
Save when the faint glimmer of art's meteor light,  
With the mind's intellectual darkness, was blinding;  
Broke forth to declare that our Franklin was born,  
And streaked o'er the heights of Columbia star,  
Like the guide of the ocean, the bright Polar Star.

Then forth the West did its brilliancy spread,  
Like the break of Aurora's first dawn on the mountain;  
When the tiny young goddess awoke from her beld,  
And threw her bright glance over forest and fountain;  
Diffusing her glare, thro' the mist of the air,  
She dispels the shadows that sentinel earth;  
So the wisdom of Franklin extended star,  
On Columbian science the bright Polar Star.

Then be it our pride in his footsteps to tread,  
To follow his way our earnest endeavor,  
That what he bequeathed to a race that is fled,  
Thro' us may descend in egression forever;  
The halo of fame, that encircles his name,  
As ages roll on, will sheathe its flame,  
And shine thro' the mist of oblivion afar,  
Surpassing in glory the bright Polar Star.

RAVENSWOOD.

THE DEATH OF MONTGOMERY.

Keen blew the blast from northern seas,  
And chilly was the gale,  
The thicken'd sheet athwart the breeze  
Fell round in hand'en'd mail.

The eye no resting place could find,  
Wet noon to seek repose;  
No trace of spring was left behind,  
But winter sternly rose.

With valour armed, the steady troop,  
In garments thickly clad,  
Conceal'd their woes, nor dur'd to droop,  
The dangers round array'd.

Unward they moved with footstep firm,  
To victory or Death;

Above them lour'd the threatening storm,  
And danger lurk'd beneath.

For most in all, save guilty flight,  
Thee certain laid the way;  
A lone himself, when in the fight,  
Engaged in mortal fray.

But see the cannon strew his path,  
Pointing with deadly aim,

Their threatening mouths in vengeful wrath,  
And only wait the flame.

Armed with the monster's dart, a ball  
Flies o'er the sulken gloom;

To him, it bring a fatal call,

A summons from the tomb.

He fell, enshrin'd in honour's bed,  
A great and mighty wreck;

A gallant spirit earth has fled,  
Before thy walls, Quebec.

He fell, perhaps in conquest's arm;

Tho' by that glorious death,

The laurel wreathed from his form,  
Wove for his fo'e a wreath.

Peace, Warrior, to the lowly spot  
Where came thy final doom,

Where now thy mould'ring ashes rot  
Within their silent tomb.

Enshrin'd within the grateful hearts  
Of those thou sought to free,

Thy memory there, a glow imparts  
Of gratitude to thee.

ORASMYN.

THE MARINER'S PRAYER.

O, thou who dost the raging wave control,  
Wilt thou protect our barge from rock and shoal  
And waft us safely o'er the troubled deep,  
Thou, who can make the rolling billows sleep?

Lord of the Ocean, hear the seaman's prayer,  
And guide us safely through the ocean, dear;  
May we our destined port in safety gain,  
And still in gratitude to God remain.

C. D.

ON THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR GILMER,  
Of the University of Virginia.

Perindea sum, fulgura mortis—Hoc  
I've seen the morning star arise,  
And with glory all the skies,  
So luminous and bright;

I've seen it pale in evening's hour,  
Glimmering, and flickering in the power  
Of dull lethargic night.

I've seen the lightning's wildest mood,  
Cleave through the storm a fiery flood,  
With quick and radiant glare;

I've seen it leave its pride of place,  
Descent with bright and rapid rate;

The end of Franklin's care.

I've heard old Mohawk's blazing roar,  
In furious madman's thundering pour,  
Its deep and awful tide;

I've seen a pale and funeral cloud,  
Hang o'er the stream a ghastly shroud  
Of darkness, dank and woe.

I've seen of health, the laughing eye,  
Death's cold and clammy hand delay;  
And quick to pleasure flee;

I've seen consumption's pallid form,  
The spectre in the troubled brain,  
On death's tempestuous sea.

I've seen ambition's delusive fire,  
With circous art the soul inspire,  
In conscious merit brave;

I've seen a Gilmer's wasted frame,  
The trembling beat of life proclaims,

On sturdy death a slave.

ARNEUS.

## THE MORALIST.

### SUNDAY.

The daily occurrences of a week of business absorb the mind so much that were it not for the regular return of the Sabbath the majority of human beings would nearly forget that any thing else was necessary in this world, but money when it is needed, provisions when hungry, clothing to cover us, or luxuries to feed our pampered appetites. But Christianity has consulted the wants of man, and the weakness of his nature, by the instruction of one day in seven.—How happy the virtuous man must feel to escape from the trammels of a bad world to one day of sober reflection, of pious indulgence, or of religious consolation! The mariner, who after a week of storms and gloom, happens to spend one day on the sunny shore of some verdant island that rises out of the main, cannot feel more grateful for his good fortune, than he, who, having weathered the misgivings of the week, sits down in his own pew, in his own church, and joins in the service and praise of his great Maker.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

#### THE DEAD BODY.

I stood by the side of his Coffin—calm and deep was the composure that dwelt on his last silence: death had touched, not changed his countenance, and but for the thrilling coldness of that forehead, I might have thought it surmounted the peaceful visions of a soft slumber. A few hairs strayed over it, white even to brightness, for they had been bleached by the frosts of more than ninety winters! His children approached to look their last at him on whom they had looked so long, and his grand-children, as they turned from the placid face, met their children. He was the last remnant of "generation that had passed away," and the "other who had come" into its room, were about to "bury their dead out of their sight." I thought of his "faith and patience"—of his holy confidence in the saviour of sinners—his "strong consolation"—his "good hope through grace"—his purity of life and conversation, and of that deep humility which led him to esteem himself as nothing "that God might be all in all."

Truly his "spot was the spot of God's children," and through the wide circuit of his numerous years had he stood confess, a son of grace, and an heir of heaven. "The peace of God" which "kept his heart and mind through Christ Jesus," had abounded toward his "brethren according to the flesh," and the overflowing of his heaven-taught spirit had breathed the same strain which long since burst from the lips of angels on the plains of Bethlehem. "Close to God in the highest—and on earth peace, good will to men."

There was nothing here that partook of the "bitterness of death." "He fell asleep"—certainly in Jesus! sweet repose after long fatigue—the weary traveller, pausing from his toils by the cooling fountain, beneath refreshing shade—the child laid to rest on the bosom of its Mother, afford too faint and fading emblems to express the "blessedness" of him "who had died in the Lord!" Men repose but awaken to new toils; travellers pause on their journey that they may be enabled to resume its fatigues; the child starts from its short slumber to open its eyes on the beginning of its little sorrows: but here the pillow had reached the heavenly city and had merely left behind him his staff and sandals to await the repairing hand of the Maker: again shall he be clad in "garments of gladness" in the day, when that which is now "sown in weakness, shall be raised in power!" "It doth not yet appear what the son of God shall be, but this we know, that they shall be like Him, for they shall see Him as He is;" they "shall be satisfied when they awake with His likeness;" when "the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed;" when "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat;" they shall stand triumphant and secure on the mighty mass of ruin, living monuments of the eternal truth of Him who hath said "Nothing shall by any means hurt you."

#### CORNELIA.

MOPUS.

#### GENERAL PAEZ.

This extraordinary man is a *Llusero* or native of the elevated plains of *Yaracuy*, in *Venezuela*. He was the owner of the herds of half wild cattle, which he attended himself—in fact an illiterate herdsmen. Naturally of a bold impetuous temper, and possessed of strength and activity of body, altogether surpassing in durance under the common sun, he early distinguished himself in those feats of hardihood and dexterity, rendered more frequent by being almost continually on horseback, which in a rude society, confer a title to superiority. Enjoying these personal advantages, united to a quick penetrating mind, and much native sagacity, he had elevated himself, about the time of the revolution, to a sort of chieftainship, possessing great influence over the roving bands of half savage herdsmen, in his immediate vicinity. His restless ambition prompted him to collect a band of his most daring associates, and placing himself at their head, he commenced a partisan predatory warfare on his own account. Being an American, his natural propensities inclined him to the Patriot cause; but when in want of provisions or necessities for his men, or money for himself to enable him to indulge in that strongest of all the passions in an uncultivated mind—gaming—the cause of his country was frequently lost sight of, and the first patriot who received the treatment most usually inflicted upon the devoted royalist, Bolivar, attentive to the growing influence of the lawless chief, determined at once to fix his principles, and enlist his good qualities for the benefit of their common country, by appointing him to the regular army. This step had the desired effect. The chief of the country was strengthened by a chief of the most heroic intrepidity, possessing a genius for war, which dispensed with the rules of art; having under his command, a body of dauntless cavalry, whose charge, when led by their favourite chief, was irresistible. These men, accustomed to the horse from early infancy, resembled in appearance and equipment, the Russian Cossacks, and like them do not owe the effect of their onset to the shock of a mass, but charge separately, or two or three together, depending upon individual strength and prowess, upon the dexterous management of the horse, the lance, and the example of their leader.

Paez has been engaged in many battles, and numerous minor conflicts, but he more especially owes his distinction to his conduct at the battle of *Carabobo*. The contending armies were each about 5000 men, the field an extensive plain traversed by a road, and on one side, at some distance from the road, by a concealed ravine. The contending parties, although numerically equal, were not so in force: the Spaniards were better disciplined, and had a useful battery of artillery in position upon the road, commanding the whole plain, the Colombians being without this arm. Bolivar, knowing how much depended upon the event of the day, disposed his force in two divisions, giving the right to Montilla, the senior, the left to Paez, with orders to attack with his two battalions and about 1200 cavalry

by the ravine. The president knew it was a desperate game, and had chosen his agent accordingly. Paez, delighted at the distinction conferred upon him by the selection, joyfully led on his men; at first concealed by the indicated ravine, but issuing soon upon the general level of the plain, the Spanish commander, La Torre, saw the quarter of attack, and endeavoured by a corresponding change in the position of his troops and battery to oppose it. But Paez, brandishing his lance, fell upon them with such rapidity and resolution, that although he lost half his division, he completely routed the whole Spanish army, and captured their artillery. The carnage of the flying was terrible, and if it had not been for the fatigue of the horses, broken down by long marches, and the intrepidity of Morales, the second in command, who hastily formed a small square, and retired in that order, not a man would have escaped.

About the close of the action, Paez gave an instance of an infirmity, which seizes him when violently excited. It is said to resemble an epileptic fit. It force is not used to prevent him, which was obliged to be used at *Carabobo*, his propensity to charge single-handed against whole battalions of the enemy.

The results of this famous battle were the occupation of *Valencia* the next day, and of *Caracas* three days after. Paez was made a Captain General in the field, by Bolivar, and entrusted with the chief command. This promotion was shortly after sanctioned by a resolution of Congress, in which the General is characterised as the *biazoso* General Paez.

The *Llusero* has now, by the assistance of the English officers of his staff, made some progress in the elements of education. Such is his quickness of apprehension, that he learns without difficulty what in others would require years of application. It is to be regretted that the model before his eyes, and upon which he has formed himself, were not more worthy of imitation. He has learnt every thing presented to him; and if he possesses the easy carriage and polite manners of polished society, he has likewise acquired its vices. He is not habitually impudent, but is frequently committed by the conviviality of his disposition. He carries his passion for gaming to such an extent, as always to keep himself poor, although he possesses some of the richest confiscated estates in the country. This propensity prompts him, likewise, to borrow with little scrupulousness from whomsoever will lend, without troubling himself about repayment.

Formerly, when the minds of the contending parties were heated by mutual barbary, the character of the General had been stained with acts of cruelty; not merely against the enemy, who at one period were put to death taken, as a matter of course, but towards his own troops.

Like other men of great genius and violent passions, he is a warm friend and a deadly foe. Many anecdotes are related of the General's foolhardy intrepidity, and feats of address and activity, some merely undertaken by way of bravado, while others had a more laudable object. Among the first, are his feats in leaping and swimming horses; his attacks of furious bulls; and particularly his singular amusement of encountering the eel-man, or alligator, in his own element. An instance of a more praiseworthy exertion of courage, of a Spanish armed schooner lying at anchor in the *Orinoco*. This was effected by swimming from the shore, each of the party holding his sword in his mouth.

The General is now (1825) about 38 years old. Besides his military rank, he is a Senator of the Republic. Although clothed with these high civil and military employments, he does not hesitate to engage in the most boisterous pranks. On the expiration of the armistice of *Santa Ana*, to show his joy at the event, he set fire to the soldiers' barracks. During another interval of inactivity, he amused himself by taking his officers to the houses of the most wealthy inhabitants of *Angostura*, about the time of dinner, as in compliance with an invitation. Those who knew the General, put on the best face, and produced every thing the house afforded, or that could be produced on so unceremonious a notice. Others, who were more sparing of their wine and provisions, or attempted to make excuses, were sure to have their houses sacked, for the pretended indigency of invading gentlemen to dinner without suitable preparation. After this round of dissipation had lasted a fortnight, and broken down the health of those engaged, the General ordered his officers to meet at a designated house, and detained a guard, as to attend a funeral. The best drunker was seized and placed on a bier, with empty bottles, demijohns, &c. The guard, with reversed arms, followed by the officers, each carrying an empty bottle, proceeded to the place of interment, every citizen they met being obliged to assist at the ceremony, which was conducted with the greatest solemnity. They were frequently interrupted by the *bouquets* of flower-venders; and vulgarly, but ingeniously undressed in the very heart of the broad *laund*. When the alarmed father, in a transport of parental anxiety, immured his fair charge from amusement and society, his windows were unmercifully broken, and his barky celebrated under them at midnight in strains of true *Burschen* eloquence, murderous sike of sleep and algebra. If, to get rid of these serenades, and restore the smiles to Rose's lovely cheek, he permitted her again to join her companions, his fancy was haunted by images, almost alike formidable, of boyish broughams or more experienced seducers. In short, the life of the poor professor was rendered a burden, and the mathematical precision of his ideas so cruelly unbalanced, as to be clearly incapable of demonstrating his sole proposition, viz., that one daughter is equal to any given number of devious!

Fortunately for the hapless doctor, his pupil was of most gentle and docile disposition, and would, in her own person, have been but a slender tax upon his *surveillance*; but unluckily that person was of such extraordinary beauty, as to render it the general mark for the whole fire of University gallantries; and Rose could not sit out without being followed by a troop of *Burschen*, whom not all the terrors of the doctor's wig could prevent from fluttering around his treasure. On her return, she accepted his proposal to meet him at a *salon* in the *Orinoco*. This was calculated to remove the astromer's doubts, we shall not pretend to say, as *she* it that he bowed acquiescence and left the delighted father to make the interesting discovery to its fair subject.

Rose, when her father returned, was sitting in the projecting bow-window, which, in our older cities, so charitably aids the curiosity of maidens of all ages, to see what is passing at the other end of the street. Groups of students were walking below, and among the many heads turned wistfully towards the well-known window, one alone called forth something like a sigh from its fair occupant. Rose's knitting, in the mean time, had fallen on the ground, and a kitten was making, among its unravelled meshes, much the same havoc as Cupid was trying to effect in that strange compilation of threads and fibres, the female heart. The doctor's step on the stairs, aroused his daughter from her delicious reverie, and the blow which sent poor Rose scampering out of the room, met its prompt retaliation in the shock which her mistress was destined to receive from the first words of her at all times dear parent.

"Rose!" said her father, with more than usual animation of tone and gesture, "I have just been setting a match for you. You are too young and pretty to remain unmarried in an ill place like this, and my good neighbour Dr. Voss, has kindly consented to break through his bachelor habits, to do me a favor, and secure you a good husband." There was no danger of an answer.—Rose was as incapable of making out as the bust of *Archimedes* which crowned her father's bookcase; nor could all that able mechanician's boasted lovers have extorted one word from her terror-stricken lips. "Don't be cast down, my dear child," said her father gaily, "at the prospect of leaving me; it is only next door, you know, and for sometime at least, you can read the *Gazette* as usual, for Dr. Voss lectures in the evening, and besides, is no politician; it is his only fault!"

A knock at the house-door came fortunately to operate a diversion in poor Rose's favour; and as she knew it to be her friend *Constance* come to sum up her to her usual evening walk, she stammered out her name, and ran or rather stumbled down stairs to meet her. They left the house together, and it was not till they had climbed the steep ascent leading to the ruined citadel, and were embosomed in the deepest recess of one of its shady alleys, that Rose found breath to answer her friend's inquiries.

Constance's astonishment was mingled

with sympathetic indignation, and private dis

appointment; for she had long destined the

gentle life for the bride of her only beloved

silence, yet the beauty and gentleness of Rose (when she projected inviting to visit her) would, she doubted not, make a favourable impression on the old couple, and gave the way for a declaration of their son's sentiments. These trifling and ridiculous manoeuvres were, however, easily discovered by the abrupt determination of the old Doctor, and nothing remained but to anticipate it, if possible, by a coup de main. Thus the energy of Constance's character peculiarly qualified her to counsel and conduct; and having during their solitary walk, drawn from her disconsolate friend indications of partiality towards her brother, sufficiently strong to justify the scheme she meditated, she left her, to seek a coadjutor, to whom she thought she might intrust the active part of the business.

A friendship, similar to that which bound her and Rose, subsisted between her brother and a youth named Freyling, who resided in the house of the same worthy Dr. Schneider, (Pro-rector of the college,) under whose roof Constance was at present living, on a visit to her brother. To Freyling she communicated the astounding intelligence of Rose's approaching illumination, and entreated his assistance in stimulating her diffident and un-enterprising brother, to the exploit of carrying her off, taking upon herself the responsibility of the elopement, if it could once be fairly effected. Freyling, though himself, once a devoted slave to the charms of Rose, had of late begun to find more congenial attractions in the frank manners and lively conve- nience of her friend. Visions of a double alliance floated dimly before his eyes, as he listened to the singular proposal, and disposed him to overlook its rashness and eccentricity. The chief difficulty, of course, which presented itself to the two sanguine counsellors, arose from the want of means to carry the fair beyond the danger of immediate pursuit, until the marriage could be celebrated in neighbouring territory. This Freyling undertook to obviate, and that without compromising the delicacy of its execution, by keeping Rose in ignorance of the mode of raising the supplies until after its success, of which he entertained little doubt. Recommending secrecy to his fair ally, he sought his fellow-students, at that hour usually assembled to practice gymnastic exercises in the court of the dilapidated chateau.

Having drawn some of the elder ones into a circle round him, and climbed on a fragment of the ruins, which elevated him above the astonished auditors—"My friends," said he, with an air of mock solemnity which was habitual to him, "I hereby exorcise the Demon of Selfishness, and banish him from a circle, to which I am about to propose a generous sacrifice worthy of the heroes of antiquity. You all know Rose Mulliner; most of you love her, but without hope of success, and with the certainty that one alone among you could enjoy the prize, even were it not on the point of being forever snatched from your grasp by a competitor to whom you could do little than resign it. It is an insult to your understanding, as well as to your feelings, to ask whether each would not gladly yield his pretensions to the lovely Rose rather than see her consigned to the arms of a scoundrel! Know, then, that her father has promised her in marriage to Professor Voss; and if some one of our fraternity is not chivalrous enough to rescue her, the most chivalrous creature in Germany will, in many days elapse, be lost to the world for ever! My friends, a speedy elopement must sever this shun on the university; and as circumstances seem to point out Conrad Hanzer as the person most likely to achieve it with success, I propose, that a sum be forthwith collected among us to defray the expense of the journey, and convey the worthy couple beyond the reach of pursuit—with this proviso, that if Hanzer declines, or fails in the enterprise, it shall be undertaken, and the funds appropriated, by the next who can prove any title to the favour of Rose." The proposal, strange as it may seem to those who do not know German students, was carried by acclamation, and the hat of Freyling filled with as much more distant expedition. The means of conveyance, and precise time, became the next subject of consideration.

Constance, a visit to Heidelberg, and the Session of College, were soon drawing to a close; and she had previously arranged to her kind hosts her resolution to avail herself of her brother's escort to perform the journey home to Frankfort. So far, all would answer extremely well; but to carry off Rose in open day, threatened more difficulty; especially, as in consequence of her impending nuptials, the otherwise obvious pretext of accompanying her friend on a visit to Frankfort could not be resorted to.

To surmount this obstacle, a brilliant idea presented itself to the inventive Constance.—The close of the academic term was to be signified by a gaiety given by the students to the inhabitants in the beautiful gardens of the castle; and Constance, feigning equal impatience to reach home, a reluctance to lose the fete, proposed to conduct these objects by visiting Heidelberg late on the evening in which it was to take place, and proceeding as far as Darmstadt, where she should appear her father's carriage to be waiting to receive her. In the dusk of evening, and amid the bustle of the fete, Rose, she flattered herself, might easily be snatched out of town; and when, in the innocence and credulity of his heart, good Dr. Schneider insisted on Madame's Rose's being accompanied by her escort to Frankfort, she was showing as *prudent* in keeping in the very protection of her escort, that no one could be more anxious for her safety than her mother.

This reasoning, though rather vulnerable on some points, was, in the main, unanswerable. The good pastor was little in the habit of agreeing with you ladies, and so completely under the dominion of an old one, that when his Dame Jacinta (previously won over below stars by the sweet words of Hanzer, and the sweet looks of Rose) joined in recommending the measure, he could no longer resist; and Rose, more dead than alive, and given away by the sexton, hastily roused from sleep to act in the double capacity of father and witness, became the wife of the transported Hanzer, and the sister of her faithful Constance.

A bumper of Rhenish wine, older than the bride, was the only refreshment the two had leisure or inclination to partake of, being most anxious by reading Frankfort early, to anticipate those rumours which a few hours would put in circulation. It was now dawn, and, soon recognising the high-road, the refreshed post-boy and seemingly conqueror steeds trotted merrily towards Darmstadt, where the reported liberality of the youthful travellers failed not to place at their command six gay and cheerful nags.

It was hardly noon when they reached Frankfort, and the *Romische Kaiser*, which, in its pretensions to any more obscure inn, the sanguine Constance had selected, that the mystery of her arrival there, with her brother and a young lady, might operate in compelling (if necessary) her parents to make the best of an affair they could not hope to conceal.

Leaving the young couple to breakfast, with what appetite they might, this indelicate diplomatist thrust himself again into the carriage, and drove to her father's door; before reaching which, the distress she intended feigning was exchanged for a real alarm and agitation, little requiring aid from art. Her heart beat violently as she ran up stairs, and when, on entering the room, she found her mother alone, and ready in her face the terror inspired by her own pale countenance and haggard appearance, it snatched her for instinct, a parent. She had, however, gone too far to recede; and to her mother's agonized exclamation, "My dear! what of Conrad?" she only answered by a mournful shake of the head. Every fatal contingency of a lawless university now flashed rapidly across Madame Hanzer's mind; and, seizing, with the ingenuity of terror on the most irreparable, she almost shrieked the words, "Duel! and killed!"

"Oh no, no!" cried the deeply shocked Constance, "he has not fought, he is not killed . . . only, he is . . . "—"Expelled!" sighed her mother, in a tone of passive resignation, only produced by previous apprehension of a more dreadful kind.

Constance, with a smile, had, during the whole interview, been nearly passive in the hands of more energetic advisers, treasured violently as the moment approached for announcing even a father who had never been trained for her much or rather of affection; but when Constance assured her the most favorite object of her regard would be a least equally accomplished by her marriage with the object of her own affections, she suffered herself to be persuaded.

All went on happily, as projected. The fete was unusually brilliant, and the consciousness of the event in which it was to terminate gave rise to the quondam admiration of Rose, a sensation of joyful exultation, when they compared the gay youthful mien of the flushed and undulating Hanzer, with the wrinkled visage and ungainly gallantry of the awkward and absent professor. Dr. Mulliner, seeing his daughter closely attended by the bridegroom of his choice, never doubted that all was going on exactly as it should do; nor was any surprise excited when it was discovered that Rose had withdrawn some time before the collation, to assist in the preparations for departure of so dear a theme as Constance.

Rose, who, if it must be said for her, had, during the whole interview, been nearly passive in the hands of more energetic advisers, treasured violently as the moment approached for announcing even a father who had never been trained for her much or rather of affection; but when Constance assured her the most favorite object of her regard would be a least equally accomplished by her marriage with the object of her own affections, she suffered herself to be persuaded.

All the younger and gayest part of the Professor's domestics having been attracted to the fete in the saloon, there only remained an old grey-headed servant, too little in the secrets of the family to feel any surprise at seeing Rose, instead of two passengers step into the boudoir; nor did the message sent in Rose's name, that she had yielded to her friend's entreaty to accompany him to the *Salon* stage, and return in the carriage, impress him with the slightest doubt of its authenticity.

She set the table, having many a time to exchange the sobering first piece of Dr. Schneider's sleek horns, and the contended smile of his agricultural deity, for a rapidity of motion surpassing mere of a bridal, and especially a nuptial one. Rose was here, however, in immediate danger of pursuit: so they re-

signed themselves to their fate, and in due time reached Mannheim, which, though a somewhat circuitous route to Frankfort, had been selected by the contrivers of the expedition, both from the facilities afforded by a large city for shaking off their simple characters, and by lying more directly in the way to the lonely village, the residence of an uncle of Rose's, his primitive pastor, who, they flattered themselves, might save them the trouble of a farther journey, and be induced to join the hands of the young couple, by the united eloquence of love, friendship, and necessity.

On arriving at the hotel at the entrance of Mannheim where the carriage of Constance's father was to meet them, it was of course inquired for in vain; and the apparently annoyed travellers declining to sleep at the inn, set off, ostensibly, to pass the night at a friend's house, (where Rose was duly instructed to call in the morning for his fair charge,) but in reality to procure from another inn, at the opposite extremity of the town, the chaise and horses, which were to convey her long escort to her uncle's at Sandorf. To elude observation, as well as to baffle inquiry, should any be made, the anxious Constance and shrinking Rose encumbered themselves with a porte-cochere, until Conrad, having hired, in the character of a single traveller, the best post-wagon and horses this second rate inn afforded, came to release them from their awkward situation, and they all gladly quitted Mannheim.

It was fortunate that a faint moon light its glimmering aid to guide the stupid post-boy and sorry jades along the dreary sandy track which supplied the place of a road through a gloomy pine forest, where not even a sound from their own wheels broke the midnight stillness of the scene. Rose would have been in despair at the novelty and strangeness of her situation, had she not sometimes given a thought to Dr. Voss and the intemperate *Frankfort Gazette*. Hanzer, naturally timid, and sharing her anxiety, was silent; and even Freyling, though himself, once a devoted slave to the charms of Rose, had of late begun to find more congenial attractions in the frank manners and lively convenience of her friend. Visions of a double alliance floated dimly before his eyes, as he listened to the singular proposal, and disposed him to overlook its rashness and eccentricity. The chief difficulty, of course, which presented itself to the two sanguine counsellors, arose from the want of means to carry the fair beyond the danger of immediate pursuit, until the marriage could be celebrated in neighbouring territory. This Freyling undertook to obviate, and that without compromising the delicacy of its execution, by keeping Rose in ignorance of the mode of raising the supplies until after its success, of which he entertained little doubt. Recommending secrecy to his fair ally, he sought his fellow-students, at that hour usually assembled to practice gymnastic exercises in the court of the dilapidated chateau.

Having drawn some of the elder ones into a circle round him, and climbed on a fragment of the ruins, which elevated him above the astonished auditors—"My friends," said he, with an air of mock solemnity which was habitual to him, "I hereby exorcise the Demon of Selfishness, and banish him from a circle, to which I am about to propose a generous sacrifice worthy of the heroes of antiquity. You all know Rose Mulliner; most of you love her, but without hope of success, and with the certainty that one alone among you could enjoy the prize, even were it not on the point of being forever snatched from your grasp by a competitor to whom you could do little than resign it. It is an insult to your understanding, as well as to your feelings, to ask whether each would not gladly yield his pretensions to the lovely Rose rather than see her consigned to the arms of a scoundrel! Know, then, that her father has promised her in marriage to Professor Voss; and if some one of our fraternity is not chivalrous enough to rescue her, the most chivalrous creature in Germany will, in many days elapse, be lost to the world for ever! My friends, a speedy elopement must sever this shun on the university; and as circumstances seem to point out Conrad Hanzer as the person most likely to achieve it with success, I propose, that a sum be forthwith collected among us to defray the expense of the journey, and convey the worthy couple beyond the reach of pursuit—with this proviso, that if Hanzer declines, or fails in the enterprise, it shall be undertaken, and the funds appropriated, by the next who can prove any title to the favour of Rose." The proposal, strange as it may seem to those who do not know German students, was carried by acclamation, and the hat of Freyling filled with as much more distant expedition. The means of conveyance, and precise time, became the next subject of consideration.

Constance, a visit to Heidelberg, and the Session of College, were soon drawing to a close; and she had previously arranged to her kind hosts her resolution to avail herself of her brother's escort to perform the journey home to Frankfort. So far, all would answer extremely well; but to carry off Rose in open day, threatened more difficulty; especially, as in consequence of her impending nuptials, the otherwise obvious pretext of accompanying her friend on a visit to Frankfort could not be resorted to.

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before we left any wife," interrupted the plain spoke upright old banker, "I will tell you and that trembling girl there how I mean to act towards my only son. If he has wounded or killed a fellow creature in one of those senseless Burschen quarrels, he must answer to God and his conscience for irreparable calamity; and, if I know his heart, he will stand more in need of parental consolation than severity. If he has merely joined in the idle frolics of a set of mischievous youths, I will tell him he is a fool for his pains, and true to time and German good sense to cure him, as they did his father before him; but if, as I think more likely, in one of his philandering turns, he has trifled with the affections or ruined the character of a pretty girl, by *Heaven!* he shall never call Frederick Hanzer father till he does her justice!"

"And what if he has done it already, papa, ay, and without earning your permission by any previous injury to her peace?" whispered the delighted Constance, throwing herself into the arms of her mother, and casting a deprecating glance towards her father. "He loved the prettiest and best girl in Heidelberg; she was to have been married next week to the ugliest old scoundrel in all the college; Conrad was miserable; Rose was miserable; and miserable they must all have remained, had not your mad Constance run away with them both last night, got them married at Sandorf this morning, and lodged them at this moment in the *Romische Kaiser*, where you have only to go yourself to see the prettiest sight in all Germany."

The old banker held out one arm to his weeping wife, and another to his again smiling daughter, and exclaimed, "Ah, Constance, you will be a bold man that ventures on you for a wife!" drove to the *Romische Kaiser*, ran nimbly up stairs, pushed aside his pettish son, and giving a hearty kiss to his daughter-in-law, and sharing her anxiety, was silent; and even Freyling, though himself, once a devoted slave to the charms of Rose, had of late begun to find more congenial attractions in the frank manners and lively convenience of her friend.

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one of their companions. The name of the fourth person is not recollectec. The murderers are now confined in the jail at Sidney, Cape Breton.

## Evening Post.

### PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1826.

LOUISVILLE, (Ky.) Sept. 8.  
ISAAC DE SHESA.—This unfortunate individual, on the 31st August was boarding in a tavern in Cincinnati, and was apparently in tolerable health. His windpipe, which was severed by the attempt to eat his throat, still remains unhealed, and there was no connection between it and the heart. He breathes through a silver tube inserted in his throat, eats and drinks without difficulty, but can only articulate (in whispers), a few words at a time. His wife has again joined him, and remains with him.

From the New York Daily Advertiser, Sept. 9.

BEAUTIFUL ASCENSION.—Between 9, and 10 o'clock last evening, Mr. E. Robertson made an ascent in a Balloon, from Castle Garden. The Balloon rose quickly and beautifully, and at first took an eastern direction, which carried it over the Battery, in full sight of many thousand persons, who were assembled outside the Castle. The Car containing the *Ernestine*, and a brilliant star, for works, 150 feet below, but attached to the balloon, were distinctly visible for a few minutes, by the light of the moon. When the balloon had ascended several hundred feet, rockets were thrown from the Car, and the Star was ignited which was the most brilliant exhibition in pyrotechnics that we ever witnessed. The star whilst burning, appeared to be stationary for a minute or two, and then descended, the frame falling in the water, about the centre of the bridge which leads to the Castle. The smoke arising from the burning of the Star, soon rendered the Balloon and Car invisible to the spectators; and from the last view of it, the general opinion was that it had taken a westerly course.

The exhibition was well managed through out; the ascent was as novel as it was splendid, and appeared to give universal satisfaction to all in the Garden, to the number of 5 or 6000 persons, and to twice that number outside.

1 o'clock. A. M.

Mr. Robertson landed at Flatbush, L. I. at 15 minutes past 10 o'clock, and proceeded immediately for the city, and arrived at Castle Garden at half past 12 o'clock precisely.

51—26—38—23—54—17—42—40.

Were the few drawn numbers in the Union Canal Lottery 24th class, drawn on Wednesday last.

The Boston Courier of Tuesday announces the following as a great victory:

We have the pleasure to announce, that yesterday the Grand Turkish Automaton was fairly beaten at a game of chess, by a gentleman of this city. We did not see the battle, but we are informed that it was one of the Turk's favorite set games—king and pawn against king, and two knights—the Turk playing with the king and pawn.

One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars have been assessed as taxes, for the year, in the city and county of Philadelphia. One fourth of this sum goes to the support of the public school institutions of the county—deducting losses and expenses of collection about thirty thousand dollars.

About Frenchtown, Elkton, Newark, Christiansburg, and in nearly all the lower region of Delaware below Wilmington, the fever and ague and bilious fever prevail in a degree almost unexampled.—Very little rain has fallen there during the summer.

### The Drama.

We are happy to state that Mr. J. COWELL has entered into the acting management of the Philadelphia Theatre. This arrangement will at once, we presume, secure a liberal patronage to the establishment, a more judicious appointment could not have been made.

All expectations of a visit to our city by the Opera corps, are now at an end. The negotiation with Signor Garcia, which has been pending for some days, and of which favorable termination was anticipated, has altogether failed. The most liberal propositions to induce him to come to Philadelphia were made to signor Garcia by some gentlemen, and Mr. Warren, the manager, always desirous to contribute to the amusement of the public, offered all the accommodations of his Theatre, for less than one half of the charges which are paid in New York. The basis of the arrangements tendered to Signor Garcia was that he should exhibit open-hands, for twelve or sixteen nights, and that the whole expenses attending them should be guaranteed to him, while all the profits which might be derived from them, should belong to him exclusively. He was, as usual, by the opinions of those most competent to judge of the subject, that those profits would exceed eight thousand dollars.

It was understood that Signor Garcia was entirely satisfied with those terms, and measures were taken, under his sanction, and with success, to procure an orchestra; when, suddenly, having changed his views, he demanded the most extravagant and exorbitant sums of money to be actually paid or secured to him, as a consideration for his performance here. These demands were promptly and explicitly rejected.

It is said, Mr. Hackett, a gentleman who has distinguished himself, in some of the New York theatres, by his sketches of character and manners, has arrived in Philadelphia, and will, in the course of a few days, afford to our citizens an opportunity of witnessing an exhibition of his powers in the pretension in which he has embarked. His comic talents, his delineations from real life, northern and other local peculiarities, and his imitations of Keen and other celebrated performers, are stated to be excellent.

Two Medals of \$90 and 400 francs, for the two best physical descriptions of a natural Region in any part of France. 1st January 1826.

7. A Medal of 500 francs, for the best account of the Currents and Tides in the British Channel. 1st January, 1827.

8. Ten Medals of 100 francs, for as many levuled Surveys of the principal French Rivers.

9. Three Medals of 100 francs, for as many geometrical Surveys on Summit Levels in France. Time, January, 1828.

The Memoirs must be written in French, and sent (with the name of the authors, under a seal) to the President of the Society, Taranne Street, No. 12, Paris, in France.

### INTEMPERANCE.

When, by any cause, whether from domestic origin or from importation of the disease, our city of weekly banquets, is swelled by a single instance of Yellow Fever, or an addition to the customary number is made by the small Pox, every one, the physician excepted, takes the alarm, removes from the atmosphere of the infected district, shuns contact with the unhappy sufferer, and avoids every object which reason or imagination may point to as the proximate cause of the calamity.

Such fears and such precautions, however, though often in a measure groundless, and uncalled for by the state of the disease, never excite astonishment or subject a person to ridicule—it is the wisdom of experience as well as the dictate of instinct to avoid contact with contagion, and to oppose a barrier to its ravages.

The new theatre at Nashville will open on the 20th October. It is calculated to hold about 600 persons. The prize address is to be spoken by Mr. Caldwell, the manager.

The Bowery theatre in New York, is progressing with great rapidity; the papers of that city speak in high terms of its beauty and capacity. The Chatham Theatre is receiving another story, with other additions, and many decorations. It opens on the 2d of next month.

Mr. Price, the manager of the Park Theatre, is among the passengers in the Manchester, which has sailed from New York for Liverpool.

The Quebec Gazette says: "Intense anxiety is felt to see Mr. Keen make his first appearance here to-night in Richard III. The house will be crowded, and many of the seats are taken for the six nights' engagement.—His excellency the governor in chief, we understand, is to attend to-night."

During the performances at the Circus, at St. Louis, (Missouri) on the 22d ult, the whole of the seats forming one segment of the box gave way, and upwards of one hundred sank together. Fortunately no person was injured, and all of them being promptly supplied with benches, the amusements proceeded.

At Drury-lane, notwithstanding the absence of Mr. Price, preparations for opening the campaign are going on with great alacrity. Heyndorf, the dramatist, is engaged to read and revise the new Play; Winton to superintend the household arrangements; and Wallack as stage manager. Liston, Braxton and Miss Stevens, are also secured.

Macready sails for America the first week in September.

Henry, who was formerly director of the opera at Paris, has been convicted of forgery and destruction of deeds. He is sentenced to ten years hard labor, branding, the plow and degradation from the legion of honor.

comrades with whistling ardor; and loathed presence of bilious habits commences before the breath has ceased, and the worm anticipates the session in his office. There is no time when the intemperate man may feel himself secure. "All seasons and their change destroy all." Death is the lot of all we know, and sooner or later he will possess himself of his prey—but the man who applies the inordinate cup anticipates his coming, and seeks his power.

It is calculated that one person in thirty-five of all who die in this country, are hurried to their grave by drunkenness in its immediate operations; by an appetite whose creation asks the sacrifice of all the delicacies of taste, and the disrepair of the sweet and most nutritious of our viands, whose support wastes our wealth, and steals away our brains," and whose perfect gratification is infamy and death. Yet, one in thirty-five is only the fraction of the gross integer of intoxicating power; diseases of every kind are induced and aggravated by the inebriating draft:

—All maladies

—Or giddy spasms, or racking tortures, qualms

—Pains—rick agony; all feverous kinds,

Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,

Inflammation, rheum, cholic rheum,

Demonic phrensy, maniacal insanity,

And noon-struck madness, piping insanity,

Malaria, and wide-waiting pestilence,

Pneumonia, asthma, and joint-racking rheuma;

Shingles are now made by water machinery in Vermont. Three men, it is said, can make 40,000 a day.

A new mineral spring has been discovered at Roxbury, Morris, N. J. Doctor Mitchell has examined it, and found it to be sulphate.

A Steamboat is now running as a regular packet, between Pittsburgh, (Pa.) Cincinnati, (Ohio,) and Louisville, (Ky.) She is to have a Safety Barge attached, capable of conveying 100 passengers, and is not to draw more than 20 inches.

In a descriptive account of a Camp Meeting in Virginia, the writer says that "the people pour'd in with astonishing majesty from every point of the compass."

Forged Bank of England notes have recently been brought to this country for a market. A New York broker has received one purporting to be for a hundred pounds.

Mr. Francis Christy of Allen township, Pa. harvested this year a considerable quantity of wheat, some of which he weighed in the presence of his neighbors, and found it to average 70 lbs. to the bushel.

Letters have been received at New Orleans from Fort Adams, stating that the country in that neighborhood is very sickly. The disease is called the Cold Plague and carries off the people after an illness of 48 hours.

H. E. Fugger, Esq. American Consul for the port of Santa Martha, who was most inhumanly murdered at Bogota, belonged to Dorchester, Mass.

The stockholders of one of the Mississippi steam tow boats, have received for one month during the present year, a dividend of \$96 per share which costs \$750.

A Long Island editor having freely and properly expressed his contempt for some fellows who killed their horses by brutal driving, one of his subscribers, ("a sporting character") stopped the paper.

The Kentucky papers say, that in the present Legislature, there will be a majority of 14 in the House, and 4 in the Senate, for the old court party.

The Tennessee Legislature is appointed to convene on the 16th October next.

Albany is rapidly increasing. In 1820, the population was 12,630—presently 17,600. The Hon. H. M. Breckenridge, on the 15th ult, pronounced, at Pensacola, an Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson. Com. Warrington, Capt. Woolsey, and the other Naval and Military characters on that station, were present.

Sarah Howland, has been found guilty of the murder of Daniel Charles, before the Supreme Court, Newport, (R. I.) Before the sentence of the Court was pronounced, a motion for a new trial was made by her counsel, which was granted.

A lottery vendor in Hudson has discovered a new arithmetical process. He divided a lottery into eighteen eighths. Unfortunately for him, the ticket so divided, drew a prize of \$400. It is needless to say he fled from the scene of his discovery.

An impudent Sturgeon jumped into a canoe in one of the South Carolina rivers, and capsized it.

Land Rev. Mrs. COWELL, the former Governor, and the latter Lieut. Governor of Vermont. Mr. Wales and Mr. Mallory are re-elected to Congress.

The Rhode Island Journal says, that the factories of that State alone consume thirty thousand bales of Cotton annually.

The President of the United States is about to return to the seat of government. It is understood that he will spend a few days in Boston, prior to his departure.

The election in the state of Illinois has resulted in the choice of Ninian Edwards as Governor, William Kinney as Lieutenant Governor, and Joseph Duncan, Representative to Congress.

Joseph Gavender, an old revolutionary soldier, committed suicide recently in Kentucky, by drinking laudanum. He had previously shown the phials, and spoke of his intention.

The Spanish fleet which sailed from Havana on the 26th of last month, has returned, in consequence of several of the vessels having been disabled in the late gale experienced at the south.

A new and handsome bridge has been built over the Onon River, at Montpelier, Vermont, by S. Baldwin, Esq. supported by a single arch of a hundred and fifty feet span.

One of the heirs of the great Varphar estate, in England, is Mrs. Trevezant, lady of a late purser in the American Navy.

From the upper stratum of the coal at Mauch Chunk, a very good black paint is made that sells at \$60 per ton.

We have been drawn into these observations, now extended far beyond our first intentions, by the opinion of certain writers, that drunkenness is a disease—it may be—but it is certainly more awful in its ravages than those perversions that awaken our highest fears and deepest sympathies, and the individual who would propose a prevention or apply a remedy, would deserve the benedictions of the Republic.

MIGNET'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.

We have found time to see only a part of this very interesting volume, recently imported by Mr. Mortimer, of South Second street: it is remarkable for conciseness of style and force of language; the facts which it narrates, are not entirely novel, but they acquire new interest from their accurate style.

We are not sure that every reader will arrive at the same conclusion that the author does in reasoning upon the cause and effect of the great events of which he treats; but while all are pleased and instructed, they are not equally so.

On Wednesday, in the course of 18 months, 170 slaves have purchased their freedom, for which they paid the sum of upwards of \$47,000 of their own earnings, averaging \$275 each.

A writer in the Yeoman's Gazette, (Mass.) says that a man was sentenced by the Supreme Court of that state, to five years imprisonment, for bathing publicly in some river near or Concord.

Mr. Magoon, who was convicted at Montreal, of altering a bill of exchange on Prince Ward and Sands of New York, from 19 to 1000, has been sentenced to be hanged on the 27th of October next.

The banks of Nashville, Tennessee, resumed specie payments on the first of the present month. The press was not great, and every demand was promptly met. These bankers are said to be in good condition, and worthy of confidence.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Free Mason's Hall at Washington was to take place on Tuesday.

A letter dated St. Croix, (W. I.) August 17th states, that the inhabitants of St. Thomas are in much dread of an insurrection. The commandant's life (Lobothier,) has been threatened, and he is guarded, whenever he goes out by 23 armed men.

Major General Brown returned to Washington on Tuesday, from a visit to the military works on the Lower Chesapeake.

The noise of the explosion of Gresham's powder works, on the 8th inst, is said to have been distinctly heard by a party engaged in surveying the route for a canal from Baltimore to the Potomac, and who were at that time 80 or 90 miles distant in a strait line from Baltimore.

We take the present opportunity of reminding the mechanics in this vicinity that the Annual Exhibition of American Manufacturers, will be held by the Franklin Institute, at the Masonic Hall, Chestnut street, on the 3d, 4th and 5th of October next; all United States, and foreign manufacturers, and dealers—men, women, and children, are invited to exhibit their goods at this annual fair.

Counterfeit Notes on the Merchants' Bank of New York, of the denomination of three dollars, and letter F, are in circulation in that city. They are said to be well executed, and require close scrutiny to detect their forgeries.

Macready's Automaton is very fashionably attended in Boston. On some occasions the crowd was so great that the editor of the Courier apprehended suffocation.

A person of the name of Elisha Pratt, from Cornwall, Vermont, was arrested at the late camp-meeting in Peru, Clinton county, New York, having in his possession 416 dollars in counterfeit bills of various denominations.

Mr. Clay arrived in Charlottesville, Va. on Thursday the 14th inst, and, after visiting Monticello and the University, left there on the 15th. On his way to Washington he visited the Secretary of War, who is at his residence in Orange, Va. Mr. C. reached the capital on Wednesday.

On Wednesday last, the venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, completed his ninetieth year and was in good health.

The State Guards celebrated their 12th anniversary on Tuesday week at Manayunk. An oration was pronounced on the occasion by John P. Bond, Esq.—after which the company, with a number of invited guests partook of a dinner.

Shingles are now made by water machinery in Vermont. Three men, it is said, can make 40,000 a day.

A new mineral spring has been discovered at Roxbury, Morris, N. J. Doctor Mitchell has examined it, and found it to be sulphate.

A Steamboat is now running as a regular packet, between Pittsburgh, (Pa.) Cincinnati, (Ohio,) and Louisville, (Ky.) She is to have a Safety Barge attached, capable of conveying 100 passengers, and is not to draw more than 20 inches.

In a descriptive account of a Camp Meeting in Virginia, the writer says that "the people pour'd in with astonishing majesty from every point of the compass."

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Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.

## THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE MIL.

BY W. H. REMARK.

In winter's light or Alpine grotto,  
A winter's grotto—small,  
The marten's prancing sleep and laze,  
Or Egypt's awful bane.

The crests of this mighty rock,  
So long a burden to me!

He heard it's first murmuring sound,  
A new mystery, not never found,

He heard a winter's grotto,

He heard his heart beat high—  
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mind  
Brought him through his frame—

The depth of green solitude—  
The marten's marten's laze,

The marten's marten's laze, with every last smile  
Round these far fountains of the Nile.

Night comes with stars, covers his soul—  
There comes a sudden change,

From the depths of his thought, to swift to fall

Over strength's bower—over the all!

No more than that—what seemed it now  
But to the spot to stand!

A thousand streams of leveller flow—  
Bathed in his own mountain land!

Whence far over waste and worn track,  
Their wild sweet voices called him back.

They called him back in many a glade,

His childhood's bower or play,

Where brightly shone the beaming shade

The Asht's leaves, the desert's gloom,

The whirling sand, the red ribbon?

Where was the glow of power and pride?

The spot where to stand?

His allured heart within his bane

With yearning for his home!

All vainly struggling to impress

The glow of parental tenderness.

But darkly clinging with the thought

Even familiar scene,

How a joyful voice, bright

The Asht's leaves, the desert's gloom,

The whirling sand, the red ribbon?

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